



From June 2024 (Volume 165)





Photo History



Cover Picture

Sometimes the less assuming shots can be the most memorable. This is along the harbour at Southwold

Another month and I often chat to folk about places and events and remember that I have a photo of that era and as it is currently hard to actually find that photo, I am systematically trolling through the volumes and entering 'key words' (tags) to the photos and by doing this in 'Word', I can then use the search facility to immediately locate the specific photo (or photos). It is a long, and time consuming job, but just looking through volumes, some of which are over 20 years old, bring back great memories and Lynn also enjoys seeing how the kids have changed and remembering places long forgotten, I also photograph relevant pages and send them to friends and family as 'memories'...mostly well received.

Sometimes I write small 'musings' on my phone and maybe I feel they'll never see the light of day, but, what the hell, these are my ramblings so maybe they belong here. Anyway, it's easy for you, the reader, to tear out the pages if they offend...

NIGHT

I seem to get thoughtful when I'm in 'bed-time' mode.

My book lies open ready to be enjoyed but my mind is elsewhere.

Maybe having a busy life this winding down period of the day is my way of relaxing and as my mind seems elsewhere, maybe I'll give up on reading tonight.

I think that as our lives are getting towards our 80th decade, the inevitable thought of 'how much longer have we got' is constantly there. This is not in any way a sad or macabre thought but really a period (in my case anyway) of taking stock.

No one (yet, to the best of my knowledge!) goes on for ever so facing reality is sensible.

No, we don't dwell on dying but obviously we realise that our remaining time is limited.

We are seeing long-loved friends deteriorating health-wise and it is so sad..not just for them but even more sadly, for the remaining partner. Nursing a loved partner for any reason takes a lot of courage and is not how any of us imagined life to be.

We are very very happy together and we often talk about how it will be, being without the other person. Of course that person will be so deeply missed and never replaced. The remaining partner will obviously be very sad but strong enough to continue, because we have discussed it and realise that this is inevitable. ..but what does concern us more is the possibility of one of us becoming senile or immobile, or both.

We have experienced this with our parents and as people now live longer, the possibility of Alzheimer's or similar dementia is such a worry.

What it must be like to see your lifelong love alongside you but not recognising you, or not reacting and behaving in the same way you have loved for so long, must be devastating, and neither of us want that to happen

I know this must sound so sad and negative but it is like the 'elephant in the room' and what makes us rejoice is that we still have good health, a special deep love for one another, and laughter and enjoyment of life now.

We have both worked hard and often had problems as life progressed, but the bitter makes the sweet even more enjoyable.

We determine to make the most of life and in our simple way, we are now living our dream.





Photo History



Not necessarily great holidays, meals out or theatres etc, although we obviously enjoy those. What we do enjoy is laughing together..and we do that a lot: breakfast coffee in the garden at our canary yellow table in the pool of sunlight with the fountain gurgling and the goldfish darting in the water bubbles: tea and a bacon sarnie (with brown sauce) in a cafe: walking along a river or canal and enjoying gathering elderflowers or blackberrying and getting scratched to pieces.

All these simple pleasures add up to fulfilment and I realise that after all these years that this fulfilment is the ultimate we can hope for and achieve.

It's not the accumulation of wealth in the traditional form, it's the knowledge that one has reached a time in life when one can actually say we have accumulated such non material wealth that we want to pass this accumulated knowledge on to our family and friends in the hope that it will filter through to future generations.

We feel that despite being very far from perfect, we hope we have still managed to give guidance, morals and good values to our family by example

Our fantastic family make everything so worth while and this pleasure is not something that can be bought. It is a natural thing and is like a rare plant..something that is nurtured and blossoms after years of care and nourishment.

We are so lucky and very aware that this blessing and joy will pass through our family nurturing this great feeling through future generations.

I'm sorry, this just came out of my 'not reading ' time and maybe these thoughts were in the back of my mind...so better out than in, I guess.

Anyway, as I said, this in no way should be read as a sad or morbid essay.

It is just a written note saying what many folk must think, but never ever put into print..

Big smiles from one very happy and contented (but not complacent) man

R

August 23

Late Night Thoughts



Why is it that as the day passes and I'm really whacked, I go to bed and sudden thoughts keep me awake and I just have to 'get them down'

As I rapidly approach 80 I realise more and more that both of us are aware of the short span of life awaiting us .

Please don't think this is me being morbid. The fact is that I don't think it is often spoken, or written about .

I personally have reached a stage in my life when I fully appreciate that we, unlike many of our contemporaries, are very fortunate in still enjoying good health and, hopefully, still having active minds.

You, of course, must be the judges of that statement.

I do fully appreciate these 'plus' attributes, but also am so happy that after having many problems during a long life we now have a stable relationship, a loving and happy family, great friends and a pleasant, interesting and full life.



Photo History



Not many people stand back and appreciate their situation in real time, but that is not the case with me. I am not talking about 'us'..I am talking about me. Not because I don't think that Lynn feels the same, it's just that I should not presume to talk for her.

She is changing, possibly in a way that others are not aware of, because we always 'put on a front' in company. She will be adamant that it is me that is changing so maybe one of us is wrong. It would be unfair of me to say which one that is and anyway I would have a biased viewpoint. Leaving that aside as it's not really what I wanted to talk about here.

I want to make the point that I am not afraid of dying.

It is the only certainty of life.



What worries me constantly is how I will approach my end. I don't want to be ill or infirm, and I certainly don't want to be a drain on others, especially on those I love.

I don't want to see my darling Lynn deteriorating and I hope we go very close in time to one another.

I am not vain enough to think she'll not manage to continue without me ..rubbish, Lynn is incredibly strong but I hope she will not have to rely on others if I am not around.

Maybe, despite appearances, I have always endeavoured to look after her to the best of my ability and likewise she has devoted herself to me in so many ways that I have often selfishly taken for granted.

No, that's not totally true, because if it was, I wouldn't be aware of it. I am one lucky man..enough said.

To come back to my original reason for writing this strange essay is that I am in a state of flux where I can't plan ahead. Anyone that knows me will know that I like to plan ahead. ..even if my ideas are half-baked. To counteract the unknown life duration, we have both taken the attitude of living life to the full which means 'not putting things off' as it may be too late if left on the 'to do' list.

This explains our bucket list of long haul flights, our walks, my 'bloody' (a watered down version of Lynn's expletive) Photo Histories.

I personally may be a grumpy old man (Lynn will interrupt saying there is no 'maybe' about it) but if I complain I also am very constant in praising where praise is due. I hope to leave a small trail of happiness and good natured banter and relationships wherever I go.

Life is certainly too short to be at loggerheads with people.

Maybe that's my whole point..life is too short.

We have always packed a great deal into our lives so I do not feel time has been wasted.

Yes, I certainly made mistakes, big mistakes, but if folk are honest, who hasn't?..the mistakes themselves are not the problem..repeating them however is totally different and I can't think of instances where I made the same mistake twice.



Photo History



One thing that age has taught me is being satisfied. I don't mean complacent. When one is young one is always looking for new horizons, new possessions and spurred on by ones' contemporaries and life's surroundings...but now I look at what we have and I'm happy. This is easy to criticise but many are so entrenched in what was previously so important they are unable to look around and realise how lucky they are. In my case, and I can only talk about my feelings, I value so much the great loving family and that great dynamic between us. I love our home..those magic moments sitting in the sun by the pond watching our goldfish and sipping our morning coffee with my fantastic wife. All my friends at swimming and our daily smiles and chats..and most of all my wonderful understanding and giving wife. Yes, reading this I note that it is repeated. But I am leaving it all as written as it is important to me.

There must come a time when my body starts to give up. Will I lose my ability to be mobile, to see or hear, or will I start suffering from dementia in its many forms. Friends around us are certainly making us aware of this fragility of ones' bodies and whilst they suffer we are very aware that their partner suffers more. They become carers but worse still is that they see their loved ones becoming very different people from the one they cherished previously. This inability to be able to take preventative measures is like going on holiday without knowing the weather.

Seriously though, this stage in life now is just as predetermined as all previous stages..it's just like a book with a sad pre-determined ending that cannot be changed because the publisher insists that is what he wants.

Maybe I can die peacefully in my sleep and still produce a best seller for him. That way I would be happy, and he would be able to retire to Benidorm with another writer waiting in the wings..sorry about the mixed metaphors.

Apologies if I am going on a bit (and being a bit depressing), but this is my therapy and it is probably unlikely that this essay will ever see light of day.

I am fully aware that, when we go, (how I hate these euphemisms) there will be sadness for those left behind. I guess this is the price we pay for being a close and loving family but, and this is important, please remember that I have always been a cheerful and happy person and the last thing I want is to make anyone unhappy. I appreciate (and secretly, hope) that maybe I'll be missed, but like a favourite dog, remember the laughs and great times we all had together (except maybe I didn't run after the ball you threw in the park)

Maybe my life's work..The 'Photo History' volumes will bring back memories that are so deeply entrenched in the very depths of your being that reading about them, seeing the photos, will winkle those, otherwise forgotten, memories out, and be as if we are talking and laughing together again.

On that note, I repeat, please no sadness, just continue to be the very special people that comprise our friends and family..

Now, maybe, I can get some sleep

Love you all and thanks for humouring an old man

Ralph.

January 8th 2024and punctuation corrected in June '24

PROFOUND THOUGHT

Is it possible that as mankind evolves, we are slowly are devolving into progressively inferior beings....or am I just being cynical?

Nov'23





Photo History



...and yet more thoughts...(sorry to be so boring...)



Sometimes, daytime or during the night, I find my mind straying to my thoughts..and increasingly as I get older my thoughts seem (to me anyway) quite profound.

I think, realistically, when I was working, life was fast and my focus was on other things but as I get older, I, and Lynn, often chat about life in general and our personal feelings.

We seem to think that the modern generation lack compassion, are self-centred and disrespectful.

Realistically, however, I am sure every generation feels the same about the youngsters in their society.

I personally feel that AI is like the genie released from the bottle and no amount of 'pushing' will get it back in..

Too many unknowns surround the whole subject and even the fact that recently it has been admitted that the energy resources required are multiplying exponentially with questions being raised how that energy requirement is that going to be provided in the future.

It is convincingly argued that AI is totally necessary to free humans from virtual 'slave labour' working mindlessly in factory production lines plus numerous other applications.

These facts are obviously all true and indeed many applications are used daily.

What worries me is the lack of control especially where machine learning is involved.

Every current modern IT application has been greedily applied to uses that are far from the common good and money being the dominating feature.

Some IT companies have turnover considerably larger than the GDP of countries. How can we allow this to happen. How can massive corporations be so large that they are virtually uncontrollable.

Individuals with vast fortunes often outwardly appear philanthropic but the enormous wealth of individuals and corporation's should be limited.

The faltering economy of many countries forces their population to move to , what appears to be, better living conditions elsewhere, often risking their lives in this flight. This vast population shift causes world turmoil and will get much worse.

As migrants arrive on other shores they can, in some cases, be absorbed but when problems occur in these host countries, these same migrants will be targeted as easy prey.

Add to this the climate change causing devastation on a scale never before known changes whole areas significantly and still people don't believe it is happening. Today Jamaica has been hit by an unprecedented hurricane.

News of major world hunger areas added to constant fighting makes us think that man is on a course of self-destruction and the examples in history are conveniently forgotten .

This reads like an epistle of doom but honestly I am anything but a misery or a pessimist .



But maybe behind my smiles hides a thinking man with the hope that sensible people will be heard and not everyone will follow the herd..



Photo History



Life is short and with so many friends of our age becoming ill, experiencing dementia etc, I like to get my thoughts down together with my photos with the constant thought at the back of my mind that we now have a limited life expectancy and how sudden things can change on a personal level.

Anyway..end of my mumbling..and let me now enjoy my coffee and biscuits..and I am still savvy enough to make sure it's a home-made no. 6 strength espresso with one of those remarkable peanut biscuits...

Wow, there's still hope for our world.

July 3rd 2024

(You might note that with the election day tomorrow, I made no comment on politics other than to say that I believe that, with very few exceptions, all politicians are the same and live in a world totally different to the main population that they laughingly think they represent but in reality they are in no position to talk for their 'so-called' constituents '.

Most are in it for personal gain and/or power.

OK..Call me a cynic but aint that is the truth!!)





Yes, it's an icon but
always worth a photo





It's always worth
looking up to see the
London skylines





Photo History



Gay Pride in Regents
Street June 2024





Photo History



Local banks have virtually disappeared as more and more people use on-line banking and this branch of Nat West in Regent Street was virtually devoid of customers so maybe this is a 'farewell photo'watch this space



NatWest





Photo History



Peachy is such a pleasure always with her cheerful smile





Photo History



Norma and
Renee



Lynn and Deena
hidden behind
the pile of cream



Vivy and Walter are now well accustomed to their apartment and our lunch there, as always, was so well catered

Walter

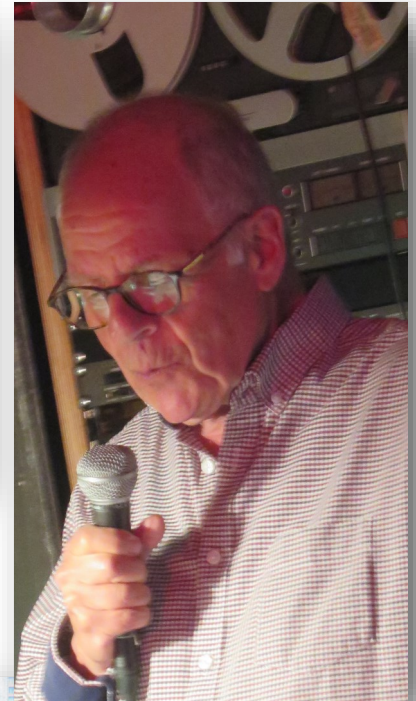


Deena

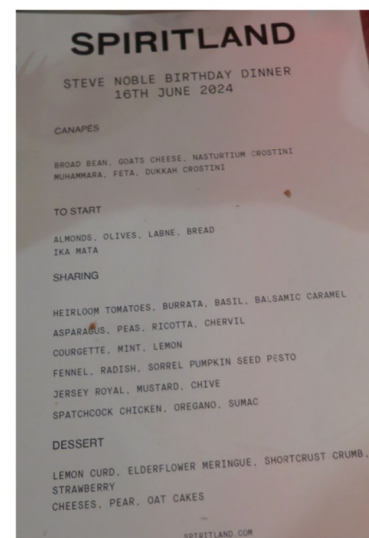


View from their
apartment





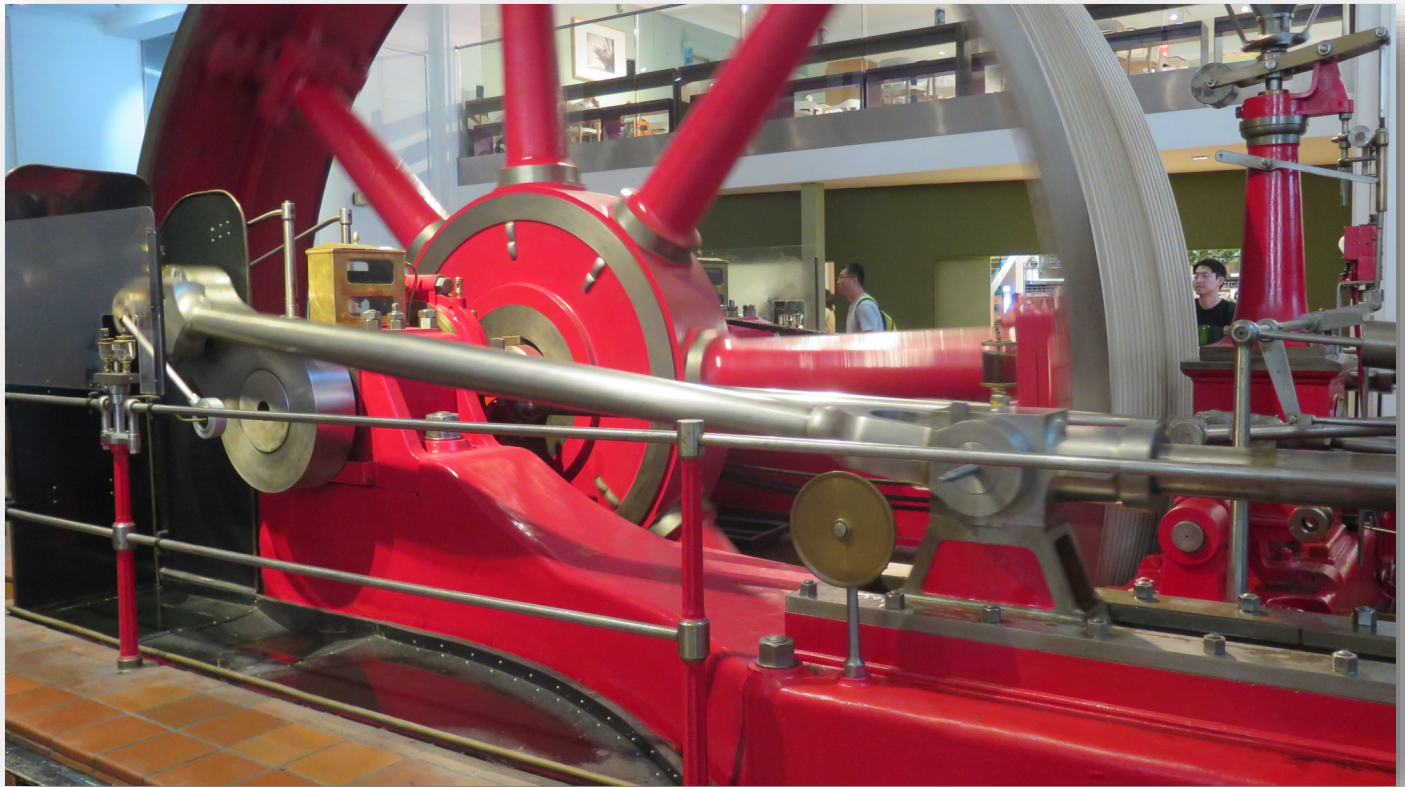
We enjoyed Steve's 80th birthday celebrations at Spiritland (Their son's restaurant in Granary Square)





The tunnel from
the underground at
South Kensington
to The Museums
always intrigues me





The well maintained working exhibits in the Science Museum draw appreciate crowds

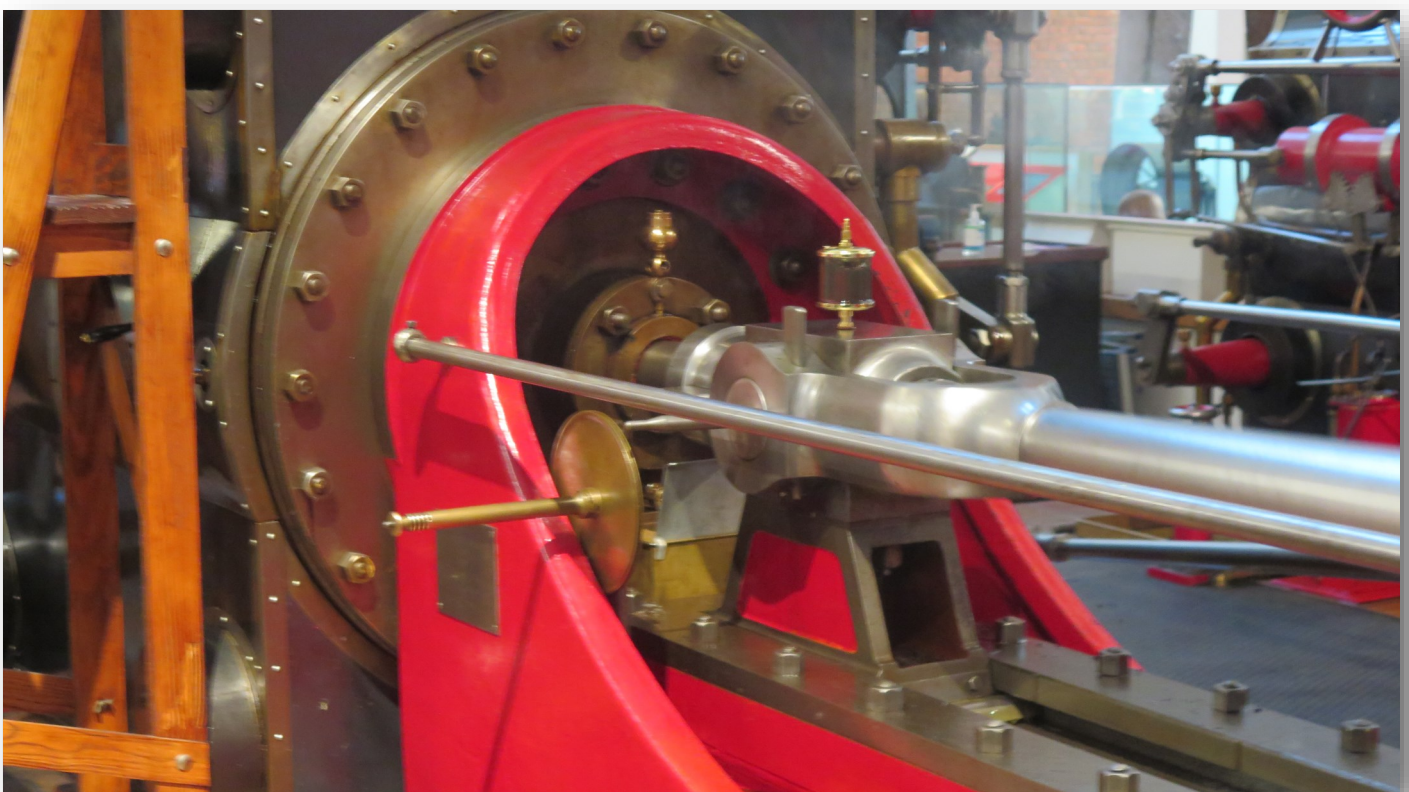
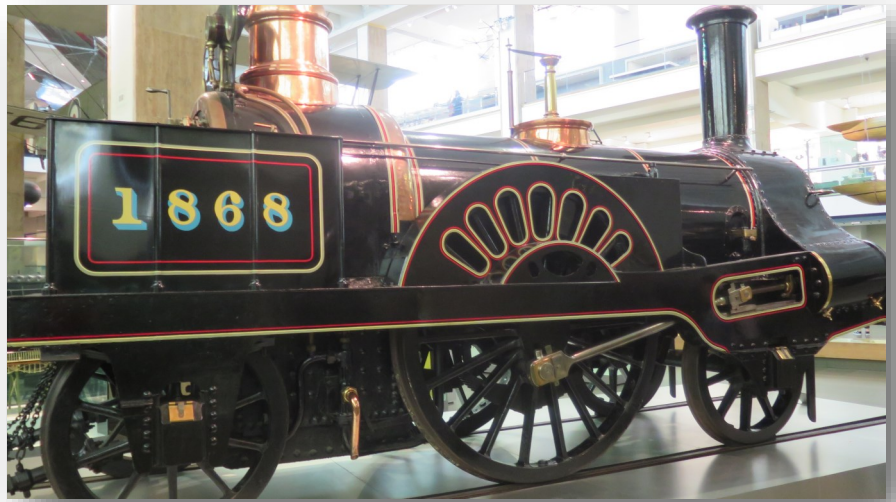




Photo History



The Science Museum is so fascinating that we only managed to cover the ground floor on this visit



Rover Gas Turbine Car JET 1, 1950

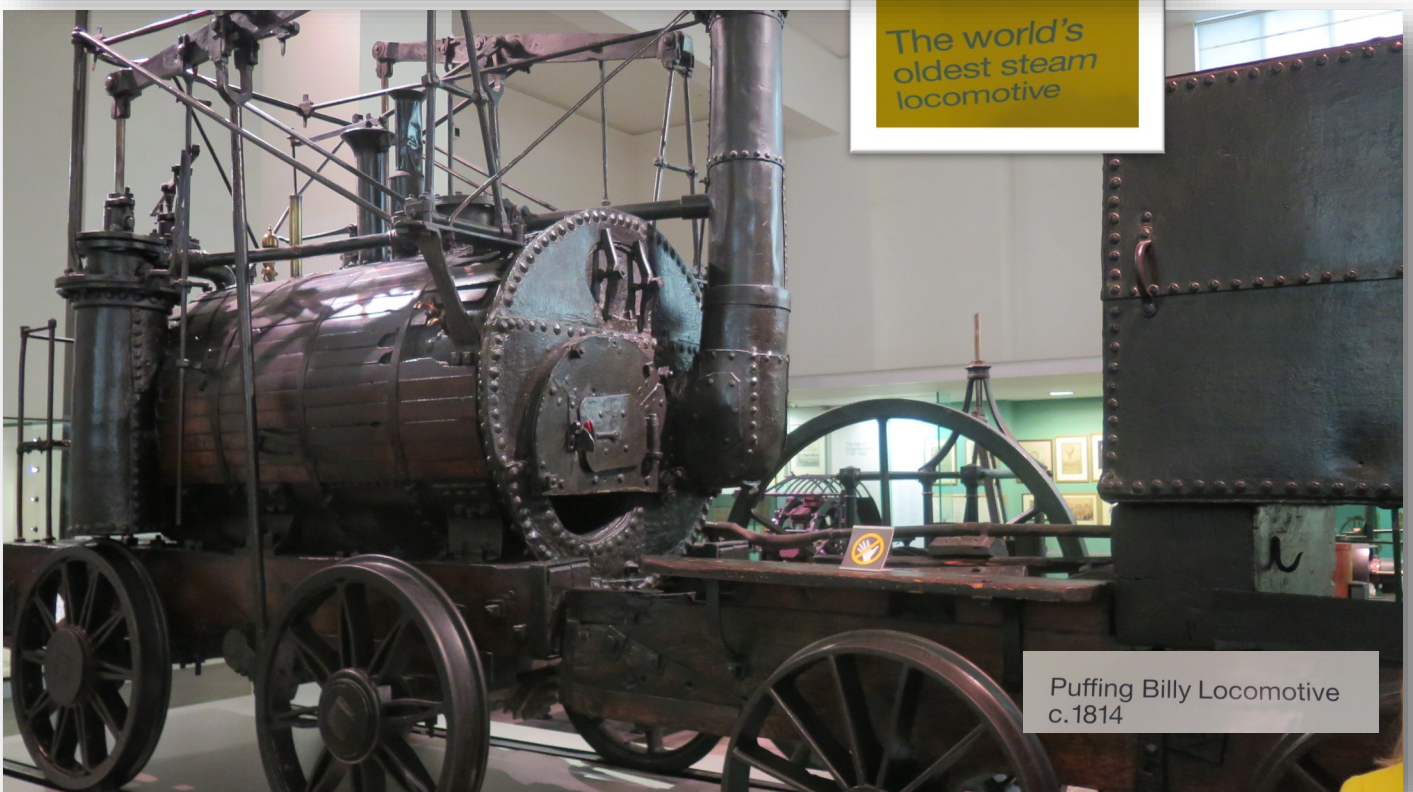
JET 1 was the world's first gas-turbine-powered motor car. It was made by Rover, the car company which had been intended as the main producer of the new Whittle aircraft jet engine in the Second World War. Work on a small gas turbine suitable for powering a motor car began in 1940, and the finished vehicle was unveiled to the public in 1950. In 1952, JET 1 was fitted with an updated engine and achieved a world record speed for gas turbine cars of 152 mph (244 km/h).

When JET 1 was launched, the gas turbine 'jet' engine was seen as a symbol of modernity and of British technical prowess. Many viewed it as the power source of the future, but test driving showed that its poor fuel consumption and slowness to respond to the throttle made it unsuitable for road use. Rover continued to develop

gas turbine car designs until 1965, and work was subsequently carried out on gas turbine-powered trucks. Many other companies also started to explore gas turbine-powered cars, trucks and railway locomotives.

For all these small-scale applications the gas turbine has proved, up to now, too costly to manufacture, and the problems of control and fuel economy still exist. However, higher-power gas turbines are very successful in aircraft, ships, and for generating electrical power.

Source: The Rover Company Ltd. 1950-60



The world's
oldest steam
locomotive

Puffing Billy Locomotive
c.1814



Photo History



It's hard to accept the designs and calculations that are required for these original spacecraft





...and maybe , more 'down to earth' this 1960 bubble car...and frighteningly enough , Lynn and I remember these on the road



1. Messerschmitt KR200 De Luxe, 1960

Engineer Fritz Fend had produced small pedal-powered tricycles for injured World War Two veterans and subsequently designed the motorised Fend *Kabinenroller* FK150. 'Roller' is German for scooter and the maker advertised 'car comfort at scooter cost'. A collaboration in 1953 between Fend and his former employer, aircraft manufacturer Willy Messerschmitt, resulted in the Messerschmitt KR175, a *kabinenroller* with a 175cc two-stroke engine. In 1955 the KR200 model was launched with a 200cc engine and manufacture continued until 1962. The Messerschmitt KR200 is basically a three-wheeled tricycle with a striking fuselage body and clear plastic 'bubble' canopy that recalls a fighter aircraft. This example was capable of about 67 mph (107 km/h) but fierce competition between the BMW Isetta and the Messerschmitt resulted in an ultra-sporting version of the Messerschmitt capable of 87mph(139 km/h).

Source: C Coote. Inv: 1998-603



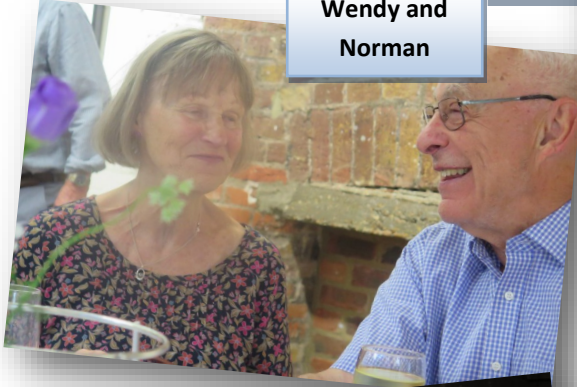


Photo History



**Their son's
great speech**

**Wendy and
Norman**



**Lynn with their
daughter**



Granddaughters



Family



Another 80th birthday celebration.
Young Viv had a great party at
Lauderdale House in Highgate and all
the family contributed to the fun

Brothers



Ivor and Judy



Cyril and Viv



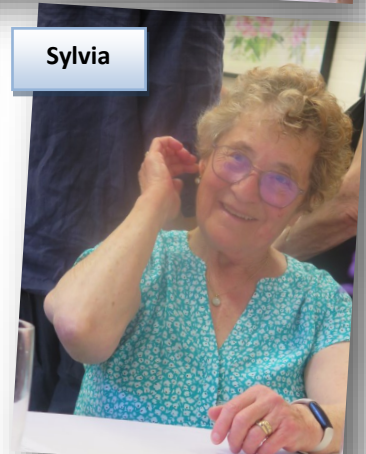
Viv and daughter



The guests

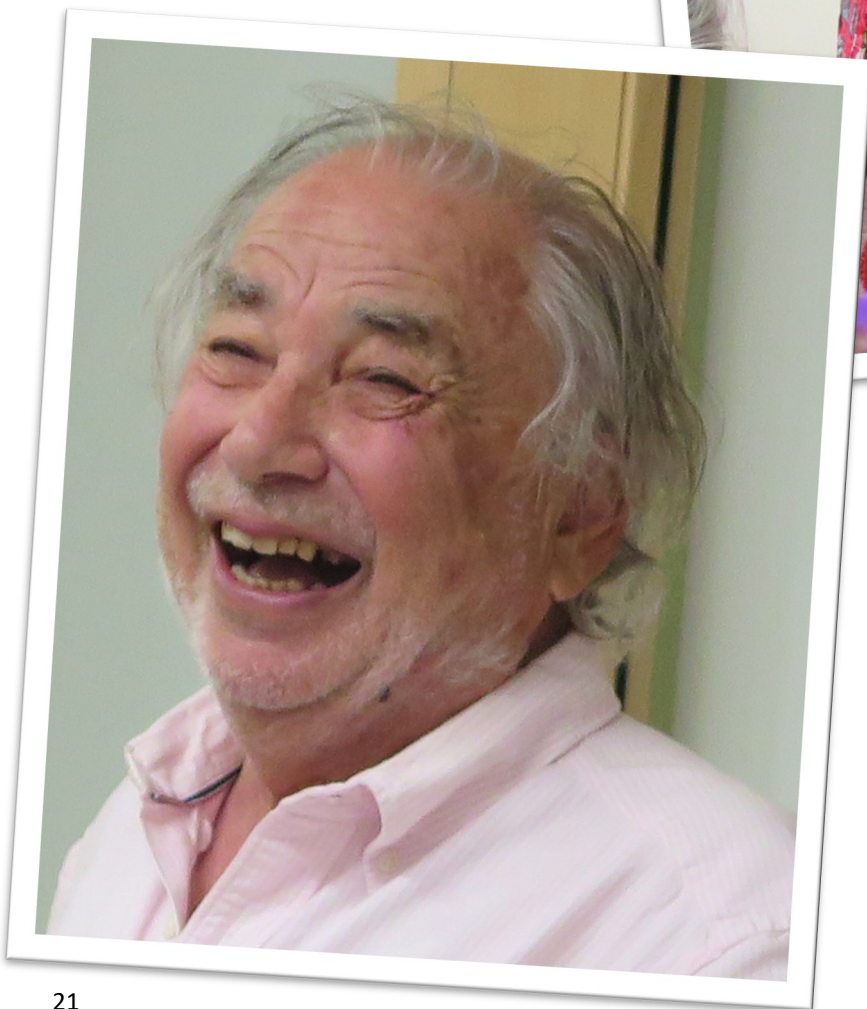


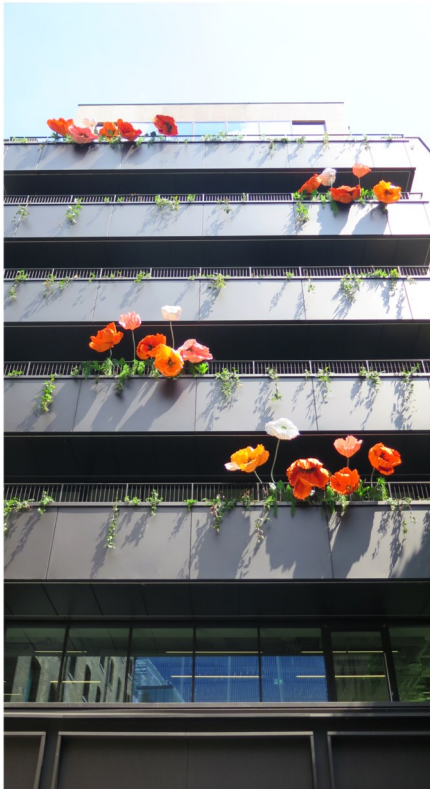
Sylvia



Grandchildren







Renana came to the UK to attend a Space Medicine course at Exeter and she enjoyed the celebrated 'Ralph & Lynn London Walk' in fantastic weather specially arranged for the visit





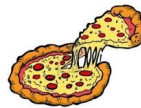
Photo History



The City skyline always impresses



The lunch pizza by The 'Wibbly Wobbly Bridge' opposite St Pauls was a great success





We took Renana to The Enfield Chase to see how the four oak saplings that we planted have progressed (for Arnon, Ben, David and 'Peace'). She was so happy to see them



These shots say it all





Photo History



Wow..Lynn even
matched her nail
colour with the can
of soda



In the garden and at
Redford's Bisto at
Crewe's Hill



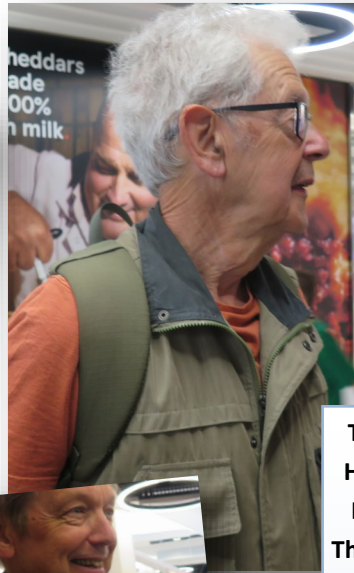
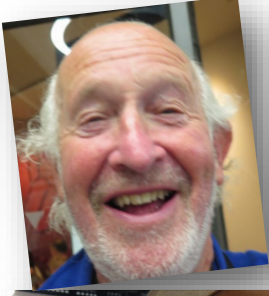


Jose and Cristina met Renana here for a late evening meal





Photo History



The June 'Lads Walk' went from the Hammersmith Underground station, Hammersmith Bridge following the Thames path, skirting Fulham's Craven Cottage football stadium before re-joining the river. stopping for coffee at the Fulham Palace café, crossing Putney Bridge and making our way up-stream, passing several rowing clubs, to the point where Beverley Brook flows into the Thames. We then crossed over the first bridge into Putney Lower Common. From there we headed for the Upper Richmond Road, crossing it to pick up a traffic-free road that took us to the edge of Putney Heath, where we followed Telegraph Road to the Telegraph pub,



Welcome to Fulham Palace House & Garden

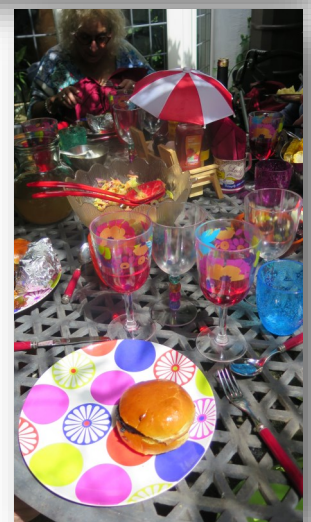




Photo History



Sheer luck with the rotten weather we have been experiencing that we managed to choose a 'non-raining' interlude. Ronnie, Marion came with Sue and Stu





Now comes a difficult decision. Every year Lynn and I enjoy the RA Summer Exhibition. True, there is a load of rubbish (in our humble opinion) but also some fascinating and original art. I always take loads of pictures where possible (including some of the strange eccentric visitors). My dilemma is the quantity of photos. J

Just checked and there are over 130 so in order to keep them together, I will put them all in the next Photo History (volume 166) and bore you with some more personal ramblings here.

Many, many years ago I decided to further my photographic interest and enrolled in a night class.

Nothing very life shattering you may think.

Well, on reflection, it did change my life.

Well, it slowly channeled my life.

Let me explain.

The instructor/teacher was a young girl with definite views and ideas. She set six week projects that seemed, at the outset to be simple..but she then proceeded to elaborate.

I remember one specific project she set was a 'self portrait'. Groan, yawn...but, she went on to elaborate that no one should do an actual portrait of themselves.

She went on to explain that at the end of the set period she hoped for a series of photos that would be a depiction of how we saw ourselves.

The results, which were displayed in the college foyer were so different from one another

The hippie guy contributed some staid shots whilst an elderly grandma portraits were of some really off-beat studies.

No one could guess who had submitted what.

I told you she was inspirational.

She, for me, got me thinking "out of the box". Yes, it's a hackneyed expression now but on a personal level it slowly, insidiously, crept into my whole nature and suddenly, like an awakening, I realised I was an individual with my own views, attitudes and opinion.

The main feature of this nirvana was to be proud of my views, attitudes and behavior and furthermore not to be influenced by the need to have approval.

If they don't like me..tough..no amount of trying to please will change that. I don't go out of my way to upset, please or flatter but I try to enjoy the company of as many different people from totally different backgrounds and the result for me is an inner satisfaction that everyone I know, is a real individual who I respect and like..That's my mantra.

The main point that I have omitted. Mainly because my ramblings took me sideways, as usual, is the one thing she said that has always remained with me.

"If we don't leave a record of our life, it is as if we haven't lived"

Not for me, the tombstone.

My memorial is my massive collection of over 70 photo albums which has now evolved into volumes of 'Photo History'. These are bound photo books, each of approx 50 pages, chronicling my views on life, family, politics interspersed with photos from graffiti, landscapes, rusting cars...to sunsets and views from all over the world.

They have become an ongoing very major part of my life and I am currently on volume 123

.

Yes, I can bore for Britain. But it keeps me off the streets

Tammy, years ago gave me a small card which went on our fridge...It said:

"Do not follow where the path may lead-go instead, where there is no path, and leave a trail."

To me, that is so much a description of the way I feel now..I hope, in my small way, that my small trail is visible to others..

February 2022



Written in Yorkshire on a clifftop.

An unexpectedly sunny day seems to welcome us on this special day for me.

As if it acknowledges the special rapport between Lynn and myself and deigns to add it's enhancement to make it memorable.

Married for over half a century with life's problems now contrasting the present golden period allows us to be proud, be grateful and be fulfilled in what we have achieved..

Aware that we are in the final years of our lives, but we are able to accept this without regrets or even sadness.

So happy to be surrounded by a very special and loving family we are very aware that we will leave behind a heritage of goodness.

Sitting here on a clifftop with a gentle breeze blowing and warm sun on our backs we can hear the waves below perfecting the backdrop in a way that only nature can do so well.

The wispy clouds above and seagulls gliding majestically over the unstable cliffs are the stage with the green undulating fields and grazing sheep perfecting the scene.

Reading this aloud to my very special wife will imprint today in my memory bank forever

12.30pm..above Robin Hood Bay on Saturday January 15th 2022.



Photo History



Some really corny one-liners....



If fiction is me, is non-fiction other people?

All history contains an element of fiction

One cannot know the taste of wasabi by reading recipes..(apologies to Leibniz "we cannot know the taste of pineapple by listening to travelers' tales")

Emailed my friend in North Korea and asked him how things were there now .
He replied "can't complain"

The only mystery in life is why the kamikaze pilots wore helmets." – Al McGuire

"The difference between stupidity and genius is that genius has its limits." – Albert Einstein

"War is God's way of teaching Americans geography." – Ambrose Bierce

"It would be nice to spend billions on schools and roads, but right now that money is desperately needed for political ads." – Andy Borowitz

"At every party there are two kinds of people – those who want to go home and those who don't. The trouble is, they are usually married to each other." – Ann Landers

"Have you noticed that all the people in favour of birth control are already born?" – Benny Hill

"The surest sign that intelligent life exists elsewhere in the universe is that it has never tried to contact us." – Bill Watterson

"My favorite machine at the gym is the vending machine." – Caroline Rhea

"All right everyone, line up alphabetically according to your height."
– Casey Stengel

"Never under any circumstances take a sleeping pill and a laxative on the same night." – Dave

"How many people here have telekinetic powers? Raise my hand." – Emo Philips

"If you live to be one hundred, you've got it made. Very few people die past that age." – George Burns

"Too many birthdays is a major cause of death" - Yogi Berra

Engineers have made a car that can run on parsley.
Now they are hoping to make buses that run on thyme!

Just got a new girlfriend. She works at a factory making wheelie bins...
Not sure, what day to take her out.

A notice in the pub said "a pint, a pie and a kind word".

When I got my pie and pint I said 'what about the kind word?'
The Landady said 'don't eat the pie'

When I'm bored I phone up 'Best Western' hotels.
They answer 'Best Western'.
Then I say "'True Grit with John Wayne"



Photo History



I decided to switch from venison to pheasant.
Now that's a real game changer

These so called disposable cameras are such a farce. Now I have absolutely no record of a perfectly lovely holiday.

"What's for dinner?"

"Nothing"

"That's what we had yesterday"

"Yes, I made enough for two days"

It's such a shame nothing is manufactured in the UK anymore...
I bought a new TV which says 'Built in antenna'; I don't even know where that is!

Caught my wife going through the neighbours bins...
She's not nosey, just terrible at parking.

I couldn't undo the buttons on my Christmas jumper, so I tried pulling it over my head but got it stuck.
I'm now in A&E now waiting to see a cardiologist...

At this time of year I love sitting in front of a roaring fire, sipping mulled wine and listening to Christmas songs until I fall asleep...
Which is probably the reason I lost my job as a fireman...

Hoping my mate's girlfriend gets back from the Ukraine before the 25th December...
No one wants a chick in Kiev for Christmas.

Give a Man a Fish and You Will Feed Him for a Day.
Teach a man to fish and he will spend a fortune on gear he will only use twice a year.

I asked my solicitor: "How much do you charge?" He said: "£100 for three questions." I replied: "Isn't that a bit steep?" He replied: "Yes, what's your third question."

I'm so terrified of asking my wife to clean up after cooking breakfast that...
I've been walking on eggshells all day long!

What happens when you drive a Subaru in reverse?
Ur a bus.

My wife and I had a big argument last night.
She called me gullible and financially irresponsible!
Wait until she hears I've won the Nigerian lottery...

A Macaroni, a Penne and a Spaghetti were drinking wine in a bar one evening.
They saw a noodle sitting by himself and discussed inviting him to join them.
They all agreed he looked Cannelloni.

To the guy who stole my antidepressants.
I hope you are happy.

A drunk wakes up in jail, "Why am I here officer?"
"For drinking." replies the cop.
"Great" says the man. "When do we start?"



London taxi is hailed by a nun.

Driver turns to the back and shyly says ki

"may I be frank..but I don't want to shock you?"

Nun replies"I've worked in convents in many rough areas and I am past being shocked"

Taxi driver then replies "All my adult life I have wanted to kiss a nun"

She replies" I am not shocked.. but my teachings demand that I associate only with a Catholic, and one who goes regularly to confession...and obviously you must not be married"

"That is no problem..I am not married, a practising Catholic and I went to confession only last week"

They drive to a quiet road and the nun leans forward and the taxi driver is totally astounded by one of the most passionate kisses he has ever experienced.

After this encounter, they drive on in total silence.

Suddenly the taxi driver turns round and says"I am very ashamed, but I am actually married, I have never been to confession because, in fact, I am Jewish"

Again a stunned silence after which the nun says"

You shouldn't feel bad, I'm actually a guy on the way to a fancy dress party"

Two Irishmen were sitting in a pub, watching the Tour de France on TV.

Seamus shook his head and asked, "Whoi do they do that ?"

"Do what ?" asked Mick.

"Go on them boikes for moiles and moiles, up and down t'e hills, round t'e bends. Day after day, week after week.

No matter if it's oicy, rainin?, snowin?, hailin?why would they torture themselves like that ?"

"Tis all for the prestige and the money," replied Mick, "You know the winner gets about A half a million Euros ?"

"Yeah, I understand that," said Seamus, "But why do all the others do it..??"

A concerned pet owner took his rotweiler to his vet explaining that the dog was cross-eyed.

"Well, let's have a look at him" said the vet.

He proceeded to pick up the dog, looked at both eyes then checked all his teeth.

Finally he said" I am very sorry but I'm going to have to put him down"

The amazed dog owner said" what, just because he's cross eyed?"

"No, because he's a big dog and he's really heavy"



Photo History



During my wife's labour, the nurse asked "how about epidural anesthesia?" I replied, "that's very thoughtful, but we've already chosen a name"

I went up into our lift and was amazed to find a Stradivarius and also a Rembrandt. Unfortunately, Stradivarius was a lousy painter and Rembrand made lousy violins.

So I said to the gym instructor "Can you teach me to do the splits" He said "how flexible are you" I replied "I can't make Tuesdays"

I was driving up the motorway when my boss phoned to tell me my promotion had been confirmed...I was so amazed I swerved the car.

The phone went again and he informed me that I had been promoted to an even higher grade..I swerved the car again. Then the phone went again and this time he informed me that the position of MD had been offered to me..I swerved into a tree. The police came and asked me what had happened and I said I just careered off the road.

An isolated large farm was on the Russian/Finnish border in disputed territory. The farmer was asked whether he wanted to become Russian or Finnish. The Russian ambassador said he should carefully consider having the might of Russia behind him rather than becoming a citizen of a small country like Finland. He requested time to deliberate and eventually chose to become Finnish. The puzzled, disappointed Russian ambassador made a special visit to the farm to find out why the farmer had made this decision.

The farmer's reply was that he wanted to avoid those terribly cold Russian winters.

You'll be delighted to hear.....

As I wrote a few pages back, the next volume will contain many of the art works that Lynn and I found fascinating at the RA Summer exhibition



It is the first week of July 2024 as I write this and we have only had a few odd nice day. Today has been raining as always and so cold that it is hard to believe what the date is.



Yesterday, the election proved disastrous for the conservatives but after 14 years of mismanagement they were predicted to lose by a landslide vote. This was the case and as the turnout was 65% approx. being the lowest turnout in a general election for ages This endorses our feeling that politics is a joke and any incoming party, despite election promises, will only feather their own nests and once in control be just as bad as their predecessors.

Yes, Lynn and I are total cynics but see if we are wrong. You will be reading this with the benefit of hindsight whilst we stick our necks foretelling the future...Are we right????

